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LONDON, 1862.



VIENNA, 1873.

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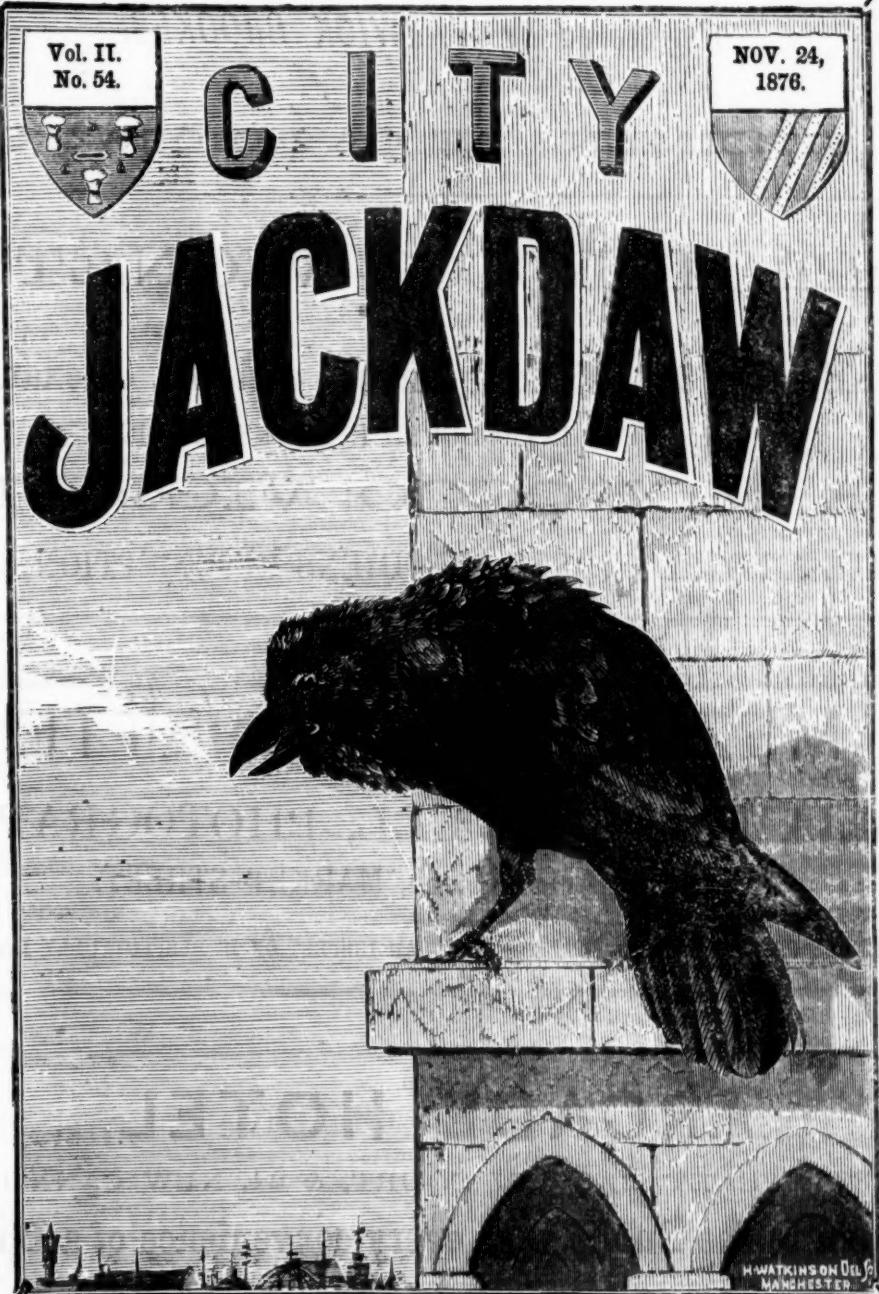
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Packets, 3d., 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 54.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MR. FREEMAN AND THE ATHENÆUM.

M R. HERON, Q.C., once addressing a Dublin jury on behalf of a priest who was tried for intimidating his flock by a political speech, delivered from the steps of the altar on the eve of a Galway election, was very severe on the attempt made by the Saxon Government to muzzle the mouths of the natural leaders of the Irish people, as he described the Roman Catholic clergy. He said, turning for a moment to Chief Justice Whiteside with affectionate familiarity, "Me lord, the attempt of my learned friend, Serjeant Armstrong—imagine him, me lord, addressing a crowd from the altar with a tare in one eye and a wink in the other—to restrict an honest praste's liberty of spache, reminds me of an incident of our college days. Whin we used to go down to Danny O'Toole's—aye, me lord (smacking his lips), an' in those days oysters were sixpence a score—an' that decent tradesman had displayed on his walls—'No Politics! No Religion! No Smoking Allowed!' " The restrictive reign of Danny O'Toole is apparently that which certain Conservative members of the Athenæum would desire to see established in the Athenæum. If they could have their way, there should be talked there no religion, and no politics except their own. No history should be read, save Lord Clarendon; no political ethics, save those of Bolingbroke; the novels of Benjamin Disraeli; the political pamphlets of the late Mr. W. R. Callender; together with an occasional *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the daily issue of the *Standard* and the *Manchester Courier*. Hitherto, the Debating and Lecture Society of the Athenæum has been non-political, on the only true basis of a fair field and no favour to all comers. Lecturers of all religious denominations and every political creed have been heard for their eminence' sake—the members of the Athenæum having sufficient proper conceit in them to believe that they could sift the product for themselves, assimilating what was good and true, and rejecting the bad and vapid. On this broad and catholic basis the Athenæum has been built up; and acting strictly on its lines, the directors, not of the Athenæum, but of the Athenæum Debating Society, invited Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian, to address them last week on the Eastern Question in its historical aspects. The subject was the most important question of the day. The lecturer was the best fitted by his abounding information, his earnestness, and his literary power to treat it exhaustively and instructively. These are points upon which everybody is agreed. Whether in all he said, Mr. Freeman kept free from the exhibition of party bias we confess ourselves unable to judge, accepting and endorsing as we do, out-and-out, all he said. But the answer to that question is of no consequence. For the tone of his remarks, Mr. Freeman was individually responsible. Neither the chairman nor the directors had more to do or say with that than the narrowest reader of the *Courier*, who professes to be scandalised. It is only on the condition of absolute freedom of speech that lecturers of the first rank will consent to occupy the position which on this occasion Mr. Freeman did. As the Duke of Argyll said, when interrupted in his now famous indictment of the Government, at Glasgow, they will not consent to be tongue-tied. What the Tories, who do not like the strong meat for men provided on such occasions, should do is to stay at home and read their favourite organs, in which they will probably find suitable diet. The advice of Mr. Charley, to import politics into the elections of Council and the Board of Guardians, and every local institution, is carried a pitch too far when it is attempted to fetter the free and independent inquiry, which is the distinctive characteristic of a literary community.

MUSICAL HUMAN NATURE.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

N O. VIII.—THE FIFE.

T IS a singular thing that a little insignificant squeaky instrument made of wood should have become the universal symbol and adjunct of glorious war. In idle times the whole crash of the band, big drum and all included, is considered appropriate, but when the soldiers go off to the tune of "the girl I left behind me," it is the insignificant fife that goes at their head. How much military ardour has been evoked by that music? How many tears, and wailings, and bitter anguish? Soldiers must fight, look you, for it is a Christian and civilised country, and women read their Bibles after tea, and shed tears in a ridiculous fashion. Women are the most illogical creatures on God's earth. They must know perfectly well that the destruction of thousands of men in red and blue coats—or breeches, as the case may be—is occasionally a necessary part of civilisation. Christian rulers cannot keep things pleasant for themselves without these little incidents, and yet the women shudder at the very thought of war, and can by no means bring themselves to look at the thing from the practical Christian point of view. Come, says the statesman, let us hurry on the preparations; this dilatoriness is shameful. Why, if everybody had had their wits about them, we might have lost a thousand troops by this time! Think of the honour and glory of it, says the fife to the recruit; you have actually been presented by a kind Christian country with a beautiful new coat to be shot in. What are those women crying about? Pshaw! women have no idea of honour and glory. Let them go home, and read their Bibles, and sob, and drink tea, and pray! The Sermon on the Mount? Fie! it was only meant for women. What man was ever silly enough to take that teaching literally? What would become of the army clothiers, and contractors, and gun-makers, and the sons of the nobility and gentry, if fighting were to be abolished? Civilisation and Christianity must either go hand-in-hand or be parted altogether. War, look you, is the most pious and Christian of expedients. Deadly weapons and lethal banners have been blessed ere now by pontifical hands. The Emperor of Russia is one of the sweetest and most devout Christians in that holy land. He would not take milk with his tea during Lent on any consideration. On certain solemn festivals his fare, by the code of the Church, will consist of nothing better than mushroom soup and a baked turnip or two. The Emperor of Germany is a Protestant. He has said many thousands of prayers to the God of Battles, thanking him for slaughter and rapine on the right side, and respectfully begging for more. The women cannot find anything about this God of Battles in the New Testament, but pious kings and emperors are in the habit of studying both volumes—the Old and the New. Lord Beaconsfield, too, is at least a Christian in this—that he has no sentimental abhorrence of war. In the calm retirement of Hughenden, or the comfortable recesses of Downing Street, he would probably hear with gentlemanly and Christian calmness of the slaughter of twenty thousand men. Lord Derby, too — But are we not all Christians? Let the stirring influence of the fifes testify! I must say candidly that if I had not got to go myself to the war, and had no one then whom I cared about, I should think that music the most delightful in the world. War correspondence is first-rate reading, look you, and peace is a dull and tame affair. Let the fifes play; let the soldiers go forth to glory; and the women go home to their tea, Testament, and tears.

KNITTING MACHINES, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, exchanged if not approved. GREATEST REDUCTION FOR CASH.
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A LOST CHILD AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

ONE Sunday afternoon, as is my frequent habit, I was taking a walk in Higher Broughton when my attention was attracted by a small cluster of well-dressed people. It is astonishing what a small thing will serve to excite the curiosity of street passengers, and this fact is no less remarkable than the apathetic and listless manner in which such crowds usually compose themselves. The occasion at present of the assemblage was a little girl, I should say between eight and nine years old—a little girl in shabby garments, with golden hair, and a face like an angel's, crying bitterly. The child's remarkable appearance had doubtless drawn the crowd together, but the curious thing to me was that they formed a sort of ring round the child, and gazed intently at her with whispered comments, showing, however, not the least sign of practical interest in what they beheld. Now, I being very soft-hearted, a thing which has often got me into trouble, and being struck, moreover, with the beauty and distress of the child, made my way through the ring of spectators, and took that child by the hand. Then that crowd dispersed listlessly and lingeringly, as a crowd may be seen to do from an upper window of a busy street when a fallen horse has been raised, and a policeman's helmet moves hither or thither among the throng. Soon we stood alone—the child with the angel face and myself—upon the pavement. She only sobbed a little now, and comforted and quieted herself after the manner of children who have found a protector; and it may be, for aught I know, that even little girls of eight years old feel a sort of satisfaction in having gotten a man to take notice of them. However this may be, there we were upon the pavement together, and the twilight was falling. Then I set me, taking a growing interest in the beautiful fair little face and the bright locks, to find out the cause of the little maiden's distress. Little by little I extracted from her that she was lost, had wandered from her home, and couldn't find the way back. As I have said, she was very poorly clad, and I must confess that the angel face was a trifle dirty, so that I was hardly surprised when she named to me as the street in which she lived one which I knew to be in a very low neighbourhood. I had seen before—who has not?—fair little faces doomed to degenerate into foulness from their communion with the gutter, and I knew very well that angel faces don't go for very much in this world's race unless the possessors are born to money, and soft ways, and adornments. But the end of it was that I told the child that I would see her safe home. Then a painful look of terror came over the face, and I thought she was going to cry again, which I hate, especially as my angel-faced child had got a very commonplace way of crying, not to say howling, so I patted her on the head as we walked along, and bad her take heart not to cry, and asked her what was the matter, and the answer was that she feared that her father would beat her. Now, here I committed my first error in this adventure—namely, the being responsible for the actions of another man, who was a perfect stranger to myself. Besides, what business had I to interfere between parent and child? I am of opinion now that very probably that child deserved a moderate chastisement, at all events. Being then, as I said, soft-hearted, I took it upon myself to become personally responsible for the conduct of the father unknown. I assured my charge that she should not be beaten, as I would not allow it, at which she brightened up a good deal, and we toddled on together through certain unsavoury back-streets in Salford very confidentially.

Presently, in one of the least savoury of these streets, we arrived at a house which the child indicated as her home, hanging back, however, and evidently depending on me for protection. The front-door was wide open, and for the matter of that so was the door of the parlour, wherein lounged a large, unkempt, strong individual, whom I had no difficulty in identifying as the father. Never a word said he when we entered, but seizing the child by the golden locks with one huge fist, he began to belabour her with the other. The action was sudden, but I felt that somehow my

honour was engaged, though it was only to a child. I cried, "Stop!" He held his hand for a minute, thrust the child into a corner, and rushed at me. Now, I do not know how it was, for I am no fighting-man, but I never felt more self-possessed and happy than I did at that moment. I astonished myself with my own intrepidity. I marvel at myself now. I put myself as best I could in a posture of defence, and when the fellow came near enough I hit out at him. He staggered back, the blood streaming from his nose. Then he came at me again with a terrible oath, and this time I hit him full in the eye. Again he came, and I hit him in the other eye. I was as yet untouched, and the little girl in the corner regarded the scene, as I thought, with complacent wonder. Again the ruffian came at me, and this time I hit him in the mouth, cutting my knuckles against his teeth. At last he stopped to parley, and demanded, sulkily, what I wanted. I did not see that his hand was gliding stealthily to the poker. The angel-faced child uttered an exclamation. I turned my head for a moment—I beg pardon, I think it must have been she that turned it—and the poker descended with terrific force upon my skull. All after this was confused recollection and stupor. The first thing I distinctly remember was a voice which seemed familiar, saying, "I told you so." Then followed something about "cold pork;" then I felt myself shaken violently. I opened my eyes, and somebody said, "Now, Mr. B., you understand that I will never let you have cold pork for supper again. I haven't slept a wink for you to night."

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.—No. III.

THE third of a series of old English ballads has cost us more trouble and research, in order to its elucidation, than either of the two which have been already published. The writer appears to have embodied in his verses several facts, which were doubtless well known by the original readers of the ballad, but which do not seem to have been thought worthy of notice in any given history of the time. We were, however, fortunate enough, after much search amongst a perfect jungle of paper rubbish, to discover a file of old newspapers, from which we have not only been enabled to verify the facts mentioned in the ballad, but have found others which are only hinted at or not discovered at all. We have, moreover, discovered that one of the figures, in an ancient picture at the Town Hall, is actually that of the celebrated John William Maclure. From the portrait we should judge him to have been a man of considerable weight in the city—in fact, he could scarcely have weighed less than fifteen or sixteen stone, and seems to have stood about six feet odd in his boots. We have collected, as is mentioned above, a great many other interesting facts bearing upon the verses printed below; but as the editor of the *Jackdaw*, in a most unreasonable and parsimonious manner, actually refuses to pay anything extra for the exceedingly small amount of refreshment (not more than eighteen sixpennies) to be consumed while wandering about the city engaged in these antiquarian researches, we shall just keep these facts to ourselves, and leave the readers to make out the ballad as best they can.

Some people talk of Billy Gladstone, and some of Bobby Lowe,
Of Dizzy, and of Derby, and of others that you know;
But of all these politicians there is not one, I'm sure,
Can hold a ha'p'ny candle to Mister John Maclure.

John William was his name in full; he came from o'er the sea—
The Isle of Man, I have been told, saw his nativity;
And people used to wonder how it was so small a place
Could produce so big a fellow as the one whose life I trace.

John William was of royal blood, his ancestors were kings,
And chiefly lived by making free with other people's things,
As was the custom in those days, especially in man,
And more especially amongst my hero's stalwart clan.

Though fallen on less stirring times, John still kept up the name,
And like his bold forefathers, was a man of martial fame;
On many a battlefield he proudly stood as volunteer;
'Tis true the only liquid spilt was Bass's bitter beer.

But 'twas as a politician John Maclure was chiefly known; In this field he won his spurs before he even was full grown; 'Tis said at six months old he lisped, "Our ancient constitution, I think, on due reflection, is a glorious institution."

John William was a Tory of the ancient fossil school, Though I do not mean to say he was in any sense a fool; I'll put it better this way, that he said he was a Tory— But it strikes me very strongly that he told a little story.

But whether this is true or not, as far as I can search, The people all believed he was, except one Mr. Birch, Who cruelly proposed that he should join at the Reform— Alack! it would have frightened you to hear John William storm!

But notwithstanding all the row, the dreadful fuss he made About this Mr. Birch, and all the wicked pranks he played, I wouldn't like to pledge myself John William was sincere, Or thought the Gladstone claret wasn't so good as Tory beer.

This incident occurred just after Francis Powell came, A gentleman who tried to play a funny sort of game; John brought him here a candidate, the people's vote to win, But I think he must have laughed when Powell talked of getting in.

The party first had wanted John himself to be their member, They thought he best would keep alive the dying Tory ember; When they began to talk of this he made them all assemble, Thinks he, "Take care, Maclure, my boy, you really must dissemble,

"For though you certainly would like the ancient situation, Which there is not the slightest doubt you suit to admiration, Yet well you know the game is up, that all the Tory people Can't set another Humpty Dumpty on the Church's steeple."

And so he made his best excuse, and didn't seem to please them, But filled them with a great dismay until he said, to ease them, "My loving friends, be not downcast, and don't begin to howl, I've got a man to suit you well, his name is Francis Pow'l."

It would have made a tom-cat grin to see the funny way In which poor Powell had to dance about the town all day. 'Tis said our Johnny always rose at dead of night to laugh, To think that such a bird should be entrapped with all this chaff.

And as if poor Powell's chances weren't already very small, This Johnny wickedly resolved to up and spoil 'em all; So to the Irish "patriots," the Tories now allege, He slyly made old Powell give his very solemn pledge.

And when the other man got in they said 'twas Johnny's fault; I've heard they nearly made on him a bodily assault; And the Standard she came down on him like several loads of bricks, Declared he was an "ojus thing," and up to sourvy tricks.

John was very much disgusted, but he thought he'd wait awhile, So he swallowed his resentment at ingratitude so vile; But one day he joined the Liberals, and they put him in the place Of his quondam friend, bold Charley, who was turned out in disgrace.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. ARONSBERG ON GRATUITOUS ADVERTISING.

12, Victoria Street, Manchester, November 7th, 1876.

Sir,—I have to acknowledge your note of the 6th instant, soliciting an advertisement from me for the anniversary number of the *City Jackdaw*. In reply, I can only say that you have so kindly and persistently advertised me in the body of your paper, *free of charge*, that I do not perceive what advantage can accrue to me by payment for the advertisement you solicit at my hands, and I beg you therefore to excuse me if I am compelled to refuse your solicitation.—I am, sir, yours, etc., W. ARONSBERG.

MR. NUNN AND THE SCHOOL BOARD.

Sir,—I must request you to contradict, with a sufficient apology, the following untrue and libellous statements which appeared in your paper this week:—

1. That I "packed a committee."
2. That I "picked out" four men.
3. That I "sent off" Mr. Anderton.

LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.—See Testimonial from the Marchioness of Westminster, dated 18th February, 1876. Sold by L. BEAVER, 27, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1½d. upwards.

1. The committee was formed at a Churchmen's meeting, arranged for by a smaller meeting, presided over by Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., and summoned in the names of Mr. Maclure and Mr. Milner. No one was there by my invitation, but one of my churchwardens. 2. The candidates were selected by the votes of the meeting. 3. Mr. Anderton's name was rejected by the meeting chiefly through the opposition of a section of the Orange party, by whom he was originally nominated. At a subsequent meeting I distinctly declared my readiness to work with him. There are other mis-statements in your paper, but they are beneath notice.—Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH NUNN.

November 18th, 1876.

MR. BAILEY WALKER ON HIS DIGNITY.

Sir,—Be good enough to correct an error of fact which occurs on p. 5 of last week's *City Jackdaw*, and to state that "Mr. Bailey Walker's plan"—as it is there called—"to write himself down an F.M.S.S." is an absurdity of which Mr. Bailey Walker has never been guilty, and one which seems almost too absurd for the clever person who has contributed the paragraph in which it occurs.—I am, sir, faithfully yours,

Athenaeum, Manchester, 21st Nov.

R. BAILEY WALKER, F.S.S.

QUESTIONS FOR CHRISTIANS.

THE dispute which arose in the Mayor's Parlour, on Monday, as to whether it was lawful for a Christian to drink beer and spirits, is a suggestive one, and has raised in our mind the following additional questions:—

OUGHT A CHRISTIAN TO HAVE HIS HAIR CUT? This is an important question, and one that touches the conscience nearly, for it is evident that the hair was given to man as an ornament and protection, and was not intended by a benevolent Creator to be cut off and made into stuffing for pillows, etc. It is possible, however, that a case might arise in which a clipping might be allowable; but, on the whole, we must come to the conclusion that true Christianity is incompatible with hair-cutting. It may be noted, too, that the New Testament contains no allusion to this practice. Debateable ground may, however, be found in the Old Testament, wherein we find Samson coming to grief through wearing his hair too short, and Absalom perishing through wearing his too long.

OUGHT A CHRISTIAN TO CONSUME TOBACCO IN ANY FORM? Mr. Peter Spence, who eschews, but does not chew or smoke tobacco, says he cannot understand how a Christian can be a smoker; but then there are many things which a limited intelligence cannot understand. The only Scriptural arguments which we can call to mind as directly referring to tobacco is the text, "That which cometh out of a man defileth a man." On these grounds smoking and chewing seem to be condemned. The use of snuff, on the other hand, may be fairly defended by quoting the expression, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

OUGHT A CHRISTIAN TO EAT ROAST PORK? It is evident that no man is justified in taking inside him anything calculated to impede the working of the beautiful and intricate organism provided by his Creator. (See Rev. A. Howarth, at Mayor's Parlour.) It is hardly to be credited that the new Dispensation absolutely repealed that wise regulation which allowed the race of pigs to increase and multiply for the benefit of the Gentiles.

OUGHT A CHRISTIAN TO RIDE OUTSIDE OR INSIDE AN OMNIBUS? This is an intricate question, which there is no space to discuss, but there is a lot in it, as also there is in the following, which our readers may think out for themselves.

Ought a Christian to throw his boots at the cat in the middle of the night? Should a Christian wear a macintosh, or go out of doors at all when it rains? May a Christian engage in the cotton trade? Ought a Christian to be a candidate for the City Council? etc., etc.



AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCE'S.—MONDAY, November 27th, for TWELVE NIGHTS,
MR. J. JEFFERSON as RIP VAN WINKLE.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Selected High-class WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS is NOW OPEN at Messrs. THOMAS AGNEW & SONS', EXCHANGE STREET GALLERIES. In dark weather the galleries are illuminated by gas. Admission (including catalogue), one shilling.

ONE HALFPENNY WEEKLY.—On Saturday, December 2, will appear JOSHA'S HAWPNT JOURNAL. A new and original story, entitled "FAMILY LINKS," by Chowbentor, author of "Saturday noon; or, Josha, theau'r fuddlet agen;" "Sunday mornin';" and other Lancashire pieces. The Journal will also contain other interesting matter. May be had of G. Renchaw, Bullhouse Street, all newsagents and street boys. Published by John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester.

SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.—EIGHTH SERIES, in the New, More Central, and Spacious LECTURE HALL of the Young Men's Christian Association, PETER STREET, as follows:—
Tuesday, November 28, Tuesday, December 5, and Tuesday, December 12.
A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by Professor W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S. Subject: "Life on the earth."
Doors open at seven o'clock, the lectures commencing at eight. Subscribers' tickets for the series, numbered and reserved, are now ready, and may be had from the undersigned, One Guinea each.

JOSEPH LUNT.

87, King Street, Manchester, October 2, 1876.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Archbishop of York's splendid temperance address was rather Yorkward for the publicans.

That a publican who was present in disguise was heard to exclaim, "This is the gratitude of the Church!"

That a temperance invocation henceforth will be, "York! you're wanted."

That the Bishop of Manchester, on putting the Archbishop to bed after supper, exclaimed, "Alas! poor Yor(hic)k!"

That his grace looked uncommonly comfortable after the Bishop mixed—we beg his grace's pardon—handed him his night-cap.

That in future people are going to give up drinking Irish whiskey for fear of its Dublin them up.

That Mr. Freeman was invited to the Athenaeum to lecture by Mr. Stutter, the secretary of the debating club, who everybody knows is at present a Conservative.

That the discussion in the *City News*, as to who was the inventor of shorthand writing, is all mixed up.

That the inventor of shorthand writing must have been the first man who was compelled to write with his toes.

That it would be just as well to try and decide who was the inventor of funny-graphy.

That the force of the Latin phrase, *Vox populi Vox Dei*, is being demonstrated in the gallery of the Prince's Theatre.

That after the late disgraceful scenes at Liberationist meetings, the body-guard of the Church may fairly be rated as blackguards.

That a first-class school of Cook-ery is open nightly in the Circus in Peter Street.

That Mr. Zukertort, the blindfold chess-player, who was advertised in the *Guardian* to "pray" against all comers, was beaten by a bishop.

THE PUBLICAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Beerhouse in Deansgate, quarter of an hour after closing time, Wednesday evening. Landlord reads: "Centuries of legislation are focussed in that man."

Thatsh me! hic. Shentries of ledgelashion are foc—hic—focussed in me. Thought there was suthin' wrong with me to-night. That lasht brandy 'ot did the trick. No, it was the ledgelashion of shentries, or shentries of ledgelashion—what is it?—focussed in my ahtomach. I am legishlated all over, from my gilded poll—gilded poll! more like rising sun in misht—down to the tun of beer I carry under my belt. There are bills all over me—like a sandwich-man. My house—no, everybody's house—Englishman's house is his cashel—anybody's cashel—is plahtered with acts of parley—parleyment and blue devils—no, blue books. Can this be a touch of delishus trimmings? Musht really jack up, or shware off, as old Rip says in the play. Lemme see, what's legislashun focussed in me? Gladstone claret mixed with Forbesmackenzie's Lochnagar no more o' Shundays. Bruce's Shorter Hours and No Early Rising cum Crosh Purposes and Speshal Detective. Sir Wilfrid Lawshon an' Alliance News. Barrel an' Bottle Work coupled with the health of Mr. Candelet. Here's a mixture, an' all focussed in me!

Prop me up, d'ye say? Bring another act of parliament. Lurching too much to one side? Gi' me another glass o' blue books. Describing para—parabolic curves—whateversh that mean?—all round the counter. I'll take home with me a small flask of Royle Constushion—British Constushion for ever!

What's the Archbishop know about mixing drinks? Musht go down to cellar. Where's the *Mixer's Manual*? Shall brew the old cock a gallon of punch. Mrs. Wilmslow's soothing-syrup, one ounce. Donnybrook mixture ad lib. Good old cock, William of York, and carries hish liquor like a gentleman. [Subsidies on nearest beer-barrel.]

THE ARCHBISHOP AND BISHOP ON GOOD BEER!

SCENE I.—*The steps of the Manchester Free-trade Hall. People dispersing from the Church of England Temperance Society's meeting. The Bishop of MANCHESTER and the Archbishop of YORK, conversing.*

The Archbishop. I feel mortally dry after that long speech of mine.

The Bishop. No wonder; you were awfully hot on the publicans. By the way, York, do you know there are more churches in York than in any other city or town in England, according to the population?

The Archbishop. Ah! I take a pride in that.

The Bishop. And there are more public-houses also.

The Archbishop. Hem! well, I take a pride in that, too, for they are all kept by really good licensed victuallers. I suppose there isn't a house in Manchester where they sell good beer?

The Bishop. I hardly believe there is.

The Archbishop. Ah! that's a pity.

The Bishop. Why?

The Archbishop. Why, because I like a drop of good beer when I can get it.

The Bishop. There's only one place that I know of, but we'll have to stand to drink it.

The Archbishop. Oh, I don't mind that; is it far from here?

The Bishop [winking]. Just round the corner; best beer, I'm told, in England!

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

The Archbishop. Well, I'm reckoned a judge, and if you think nobody will see us, I don't mind saying whether it is as good as our Yorkshire brew.

SCENE II.—*Jimmy Lea's.*

Jimmy Lea. Now, look here, gentlemen, I don't allow tossing in my place. I wonder at two distinguished gentlemen just coming out of the theatre, with white chokers, doing that sort of business.

First Distinguished Stranger [swallowing his beer]. Splendid!

Second ditto [swallowing his beer]. You won't have another, you won't. Ah, well, I can wait till I get home.

FRIENDSHIP.

AS far as it goes it's a blessing
A number of friends to possess,
But perhaps you'll excuse my confessing
A wish that the number were less.
It is well to have friends to advise one—
I've plenty of friends who advise—
But for me I was never a wise one,
And my friends are so awfully wise!

There is Brown, who's an excellent fellow,
Should I happen my symptoms to tell,
Remarks, "If you will get so mellow,
How can you expect to be well?"
Or he adds, "My dear fellow, now why do
You not take example by me,
By adopting a cold bath, as I do?—
A new man you'd very soon be."

Cold baths always give me the shivers;
I never was drunk in my life,
Yet Brown these prescriptions delivers
With an air just as sharp as a knife.
This instance I've only just mentioned
To serve as type of the rest;
My friends may be all well intentioned,
Their advice is not always the best.

But still they will never withhold it,
With advice they are at me all day;
'Twould be all very well if they sold it,
But alas! they will give it away.
"Do this, and be happy," first cries one;
"Do t'other," another one cries;
I own that it certainly tries one
That one's friends are so awfully wise.

PRAY AND PLAY.

THE following interesting announcement is clipped from the *Guardian* of Wednesday week:—

BLINFOLD CHESS.—On Saturday, November 18, Mr. ZUKERTORT will play twelve SIMULTANEOUS GAMES blindfold, in the Lecture Hall of the Athenaeum, commencing at two o'clock. On Friday, 17th instant, at half-past six p.m., Mr. Zukertort will play simultaneously against all comers. Tickets admitting on both days may be had at the Secretary's office, Athenaeum, one shilling each.

The meeting on Friday was clearly only a preliminary to that on Saturday. We were not present on either occasions, but we understand that all the twelve gentlemen who intended to compete on Saturday, believing in the efficacy of prayer, stopped at home on Friday, and "prayed simultaneously" on their own account to be delivered from the machinations of their adversary.

QUIPS.

JN a legal notice in the *Guardian*, we are informed that the Manchester Caledonian Society "is to be dissolved by instrument." The bagpipe was the instrument used.

Captain Horatio Nelson Tarr, who has been a member of the Third Manchester Rifle Volunteers since the formation of the regiment, eighteen years ago, has resigned his commission. He intends, in the event of war, to offer to take command of the Channel Fleet.

The Town Crier, in the London *Figaro*, comes down like a thunderbolt on the bad grammar in the inscription on the silver cup presented by

Baron Barreto to Mr. Henry Irwin, of the Manchester Infirmary, in recognition of his heroic bravery. The Town Crier needn't have left home in search of bad grammar, if he files a copy of the *Figaro*.

We often wonder whether the correspondents who write to newspapers for information are satisfied by the answers they get. Here is an answer to a correspondent in *Tuesday's Courier*:

D. P.—The climate of the South Pole is hot. It is in the South Frigid Zone.

We hope the correspondent liked it. Had the initials been placed at the end of the reply, and their order transposed; we could have understood that the P.D. had been playing pranks with the column in the absence of the well-informed gentleman who usually attends to this department.

Could the aforesaid gentleman tell us who starches Dr. Royle's chokers? There can be no doubt of their frigidity.

The publication of Captain Palin's valuable annual black-book this week happens opportunely with the temperance meetings. One of the most significant facts in these sad returns of crime is that steadily, year after year, from sixty to sixty-five per cent of the persons arrested for offences against the law have been drunk at the time. Our crime bill—upwards of 20,000 persons were proceeded against before the city magistrates in the year just ended—is a terrible one, and it is a fact never to be lost sight of, that two-thirds of it is directly attributable to drunkenness.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND SUNDAY CLUBS.

SCENE.—*Red Lion Square.*

Mrs. Grundy. Well, I never, here's the Bishop at it again! Been a goin' an' blessin' them there dratted Sunday clubs.

Sairey Gamp. Yes, missis, as I was a sayin' to Mrs. Harris, which she lives in Hulme, an' wears a macintosh, what he needs is a mother-in-law to keep him straight. I don't like him goin' an' drinkin' alone of a Sunday between sermons at the Hathemuseum, where that drefful Freeman has been a lecturin' an' lecturin' against the Turks, where we gets our rhubarb, when he should be a teachin' at a Sunday school. Doesn't know what to do with hisself, indeed, for several hours, an' so he goes a drinkin' with twenty-five or thirty young chaps at the Didsbury Club on a Sunday hafternoon—mean, spirited chaps, too, as only spend three penny farden a week, Sunday included, the price of one respectable gin 'ot. Let one of your young men give it him 'ot, Mrs. G. Lawks a muss me, if the bottle isn't empty! I'll just step round, an' ask Mrs. Henpeck what she thinks.

THE CAUSE OF THE LADIES.

THE women's suffrage agitation is at least commendable in this—that it is only once a year that it turns up. It is also harmless in its way, and has no especially revolutionary aims. We have had occasion formerly to remark that society would not be shaken to its basis if the very moderate demands of the ladies were to be granted, as one day they probably will be. It is in the nature of agitations, perseveringly kept up, to be eventually successful; and there is no doubt that the time will arrive when the right of ladies to vote by ballot, and do other things which have usually been restricted to the male sex, will be a sacred part of the constitution cherished by every Tory in the land. In the meantime, if we cannot congratulate the ladies on their success, we do so on their perseverance. The meeting in the Mayor's Parlour, on Wednesday, will doubtless be well attended, and is sure to be an interesting one. Even though, as yet, the ladies present are not entitled by act of parliament to wear the unmentionable habiliments in which Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., Dr. Pankhurst, the Rev. S. A. Steinthal, and others, will appear before their constituency.

MRS. HENPECK'S HUMOURS.

[BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

No. I.—A MIDNIGHT HUMOUR.

WELL, my dear, I thought you would like that duck hashed up for supper to-night, and I have got it for you. *You have had supper?* How provoking; but it is always the way when I go to any extra trouble. Why did you not tell me? *You could not tell me till you had had it?* This is all the thanks I am to have, I suppose. *What did I expect you to say?* Oh, nothing, of course; I would prefer that you would hold your tongue, but I don't know any other woman that is treated so. Why don't you take off your overcoat? Are you going to bed in it, or are you going out again? I declare you have not had a meal in your own house for the last three weeks, and I never see you except in bed. Why don't you speak? *I told you to hold your tongue?* If you do, it will be the first time you ever took my advice. *You are going to bed now?* What, without saying more than half a dozen words? *I have said enough for both?* It is not often that I get the chance of speaking to you. *Humph!* And what does "humph" mean, pray? I begin to think that you have taken something more than supper. I can see that you are afraid to open your mouth. You may think it witty to yawn in my face, but I think it vulgar. *I said you could not open your mouth?* Oh, what a degrading thing it is to take too much to drink! I am glad none of the children are here. *How are they?* Oh, you are very affectionate. You did not think of them when you were making a beast of yourself. Will nothing stop you from yawning? *A drop of whiskey and water, you think?* As I am not strong enough to carry you upstairs, you shall not have a drop; not a drop more. You have had enough for six already. *How do I know?* I know very well what men do when they get together, especially with the company you keep. I believe you are going to sleep where you sit. *You are going to bed?* It is the best thing you can do, and you had better do it while you can. *You are going to have some whiskey and water?* Not while I have the key! *I have not got it?* Now, I remember that you had it this morning; but surely you would not be so foolish, and against my wishes too; you know how ill you are sure to be in the morning. *To-morrow will be a new day?* Yes, and it will be a bad day for you. Come, dear, let me take your coat. Here are your slippers, and now you'll go to bed comfortably. Ah! I thought you had the key; here it is in your pocket. And what is this? *TRIPE SUPPERS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.* Now, I would not believe this of you, going and eating tripe in some low pothouse. *It is a most respectable place in the centre of the city?* That is quite a long speech you have made, though it must have cost you some trouble. Respectable place, indeed! Do people take too much drink?—*Tripe?* Oh, yes, say it was the tripe! Do people get intoxicated at respectable places? *They do?* Now you are beginning to brazen it out. *The tripe was first rate?* Yes, I daresay, and so it ought to be. I see that they advertise the "best chefs" in the city. I am ashamed of you. Any kind of cooking does for us at home. *Cold mutton?* Yes, cold mutton, and not always enough of that, and nothing will do for you but "chefs" and luxurious dishes. *Tripe?* Oh, the tripe, I believe, was only a pretence. You are always grumbling at home, and so instead of giving me your money, you waste it out of doors on chefs and delicacies. *Tripe?* If you can't say anything better than tripe—*There is nothing better when it is well cooked?* I say if you can only yawn and say "tripe," you had better go to bed.

[That excellent woman's voice followed me on the stairs, and soothed me gently to sleep, and the last word I uttered at night was echoed by my partner the very first thing in the morning.]

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE TEETOTALERS.—A correspondent, who is trustworthy, though not an abstainer, says that he heard a gentleman exclaim at the Free-trade Hall, the other night, after striking an attitude, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York!"—Shakspere.

THAT AWFUL PTERODACTYL.

[BY A DYSPEPTIC CONTRIBUTOR.]

LAST night I read a learned book About the fate which overtook A host of pre-historic mammals, Who, not so lucky as the camels,

Apes, and elephants, and so on, By some misfortune failed to go on Board of Noah's famous ark—(Of patent matches now the mark).

A lot of wondrous facts I read, And, supper over, went to bed, And there I snored upon my back till I dreamt *I saw a pterodactyl*.

He hovered in the darkened sky, And fixed me with his fiery eye; His batlike wing and cork-screw tail They caused my innocent heart to quail.

And as I gazed at him he winked; Says he, "You know that I'm extinct; The cause of this forlorn condition Is Barnum's famous exhibition."

I'd been with him for many a day, A-starring in Americay (A half a dollar was the fee, Babies in arms and "liners" free).

Well, one day Barnum comes along, Says he, "The world is going wrong—We're going to have a little weather, But you shall never turn a feather."

"Don't make," says he, "for Noah's ark, We'll keep old Noah in the dark; I mean to make my wild beast show a Far slicker show than that of Noah."

"And while the waters rage around, And cover all the adjacent ground, Yourself I mean to take and shut Up in a nice dry water-butt.

"Me and my mates we've got a boat, Right square about this spot we'll float, And till this awful deluge caves in, Your tub will never let the waves in.

"I'll give you stores, and stores of wittles, You'll pass your time as snug as skittles; And when above our grog we're swiping—D'yee see this indiarubber piping?

"Into your tub I mean to fix it, And when we take our grog and mix it, I'll pour you down a pint or two; That's only fair and right, says you.

"And when the deluge leaves the ground, I'll paint you green and take you round; Old Noah will be fairly riled To see the way we're getting tiled.

"And when, to make his profits larger, he Doubles the price of his menagerie, I'll step in, while his prospects lag on, And sink him with my FLYING DRAGON!"

Says I, "A tub a lonely lodge is, Besides, I've heard of Yankee dodges; But still I know you would not act ill Towards your trusting pterodactyl."

"I really think it's rather risky To play such pranks with decent whiskey; But don't go mixing any water—I'll take it neat, and nothing shorter."

Then some one shouted, "All aboard!" And Barnum turned his head, and roared, "Half-speed astarn, there; wait a crack, till I've stowed away my Pterodactyl!"

And then he took a pile of grub, And stowed me with it in a tub (The tub was very hard and cornery, And smelt a little worse than cornery).

Then all was dark, but soon there rose
A sound as when a torrent flows ;
Then fearful silence reigned around,
Unbroken by the smallest sound.

But still, I knew the tube was there ;
At length I felt a rush of air,
And then I heard a sort of rumbling,
As though a voice through floods were fumbling.

"How are you getting on, old hoss ?"
Says I, " Your bacey's nowt but moss !
My confidence is mighty shaken
In what you call prime Wiltshire bacon ! "

It seemed to me I heard him snicker ;
Says he, " Your skull could scarce be thicker ;
Just clap your mouth to that there tubin',
And take a taste of our last new binn."

But when I went and did according
(The fact it pains me in recording
The way that Yankee rounded on me
Was really much too rough upon me),

Instead of whiskey, as he oughter
(The skunk !), he sent me down bilge-water ;
'Twas not the proper way, you bet,
To stand a trusting friend, a " wet."

Then, underneath the waters wide
I pined and sickened, drooped and died ;
I think it was a crying sin
The way that Barnum let me in.

For, when the dreary floods abated
(An epoch he serenely waited),
There, where his foul neglect had rotted me,
He landed quietly and spotted me.

He robbed me of my wings and tail,
When I had long been dead and pale
(No conduct, sure, could well be iller),
And clapt 'em on his stuffed goriller !

And then he starred the country round,
And showed the beast that he had found !
It made the boldest Yankee funky,
To view his FAR-FAMED FLYING MONKEY.

And ever since I've been a ghost ;
But still 'twill always be my boast,
That I was paid not o'en a " Thank'ee "
For showing with that scheming Yankee.

'Twas then I started, and awoke—
I thought my dream was past a joke—
I seized a bottle that was handy,
I cared not if 'twere rum or brandy.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

MANCHESTER has become the head-quarters of another great temperance organisation, distinct from the United Kingdom Alliance, yet rendering it important aid. This is the Church Temperance Society, whose secretary is Mr. R. Graham, most genial and estimable of men. It is a proof that the evils of intemperance are being keenly felt that at a conference, composed of clergy from all parts of the kingdom, and therefore being, at a low estimate, three-fourths Tories, an extreme revolutionary measure like the Permissive Bill should be discussed with marked favour, and that less sweeping proposals should be regarded as hopelessly inadequate.

There were ominous mutterings at the conference, on the part of Conservative clergymen, against the Government, on account of its pro-publican tendencies. The too true taunt of a political alliance between Beer and the Bible has struck home in some honest hearts. Mr. Stowell, of Christ Church, Salford, who modestly describes himself as little of a politician, though, he adds, his leanings are Conservative, glows with indignant fervour when he thinks of the Ministerial tactics by which the desire of the Irish people, that they may be allowed to live "a godly, righteous, and sober life" on Sundays, were defeated in the last session. We trust that the members for Salford, who owe so much to Mr. Stowell's

exertions for them, will lay to heart this declaration of their sturdy rural-dean, that "the present Government ought to be plainly told that their policy on this question was not in harmony with the deepest convictions of the great majority of Churchmen who supported them on other questions, and that they did not look upon this as a matter of secondary importance."

The Rev. T. Hutton, of Stilton, also a stout Tory, who loves nothing better than to rile his Liberal friends in the Council of the Alliance by a passing dig—seasonable or unseasonable—at Mr. Gladstone, is also rather ashamed of the Government, and the English Conservatives, of whom he is one, who have given them a majority in the House of Commons. He finds that Ireland, which sends a Liberal majority to St. Stephen's; Scotland, which sends a Liberal majority to St. Stephen's; and Wales, which is also almost exclusively Liberal, furnish Sir Wilfrid Lawson with a compact army of supporters. It is Constitutional England, with its Tory majority, which thwarts every effort of the Temperance Reformer. So Mr. Hutton's love of mankind rises above his regard for party and his national pride, and he wishes himself Scotch, Welsh, Irish, Whig, Liberal, Radical, anything rather than an English Tory, so far as liquor legislation goes. If other clergymen and laymen of the Church will speak out thus frankly, they and their party will soon again be in accord, for they will compel their leaders to change their policy.

We should have greater confidence in the Rev. W. Caine's soundness in exegesis if he did not find it necessary first to re-translate and then to lop Scripture texts in order to prove that the use of wine is un-Scriptural. The Church of England Temperance Society does not take up this position; but there are some extreme men who do, and Mr. Caine, who is nothing if not extreme, unless it be garrulous, is one of them. The text on which he mainly relies is contained in the fifteenth verse of the second chapter of the prophecy of Habakkuk. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also." Mr. Caine says that the words rendered in the English version, "puttest thy bottle to him," should rightly be translated " pourest out poison to him." We let this pass, as Mr. Caine is probably right, and the substitution of "poison"—which is a specific article, the use of which requires most severely to be repudiated—for bottle, which may mean anything from overproof spirits down to rosemary, rather weakens than strengthens his argument. But we complain of Mr. Caine that he took away from the words of the prophecy, and only quoted half the text. If our readers who are curious in the matter will turn to the text they will find that the gist of the offence, against which woe is denounced, lies in the motive for which the drink is administered. Mr. Caine has quoted Scripture for his purpose, just as surely as if a publican were to justify his calling by adopting, as a motto on his signboard, the Apostles' recommendation to Timothy, "Take a little wine," which, quoted in its entirety, affords rather an argument for those who contend that liquors should only be dispensed by chemists, and administered on medical prescription.

An important side issue raised at the conference was in regard to the uses of clubs. A rural clergymen, and a layman from Rochdale, both bore testimony to the fact that in working-men's reading and play rooms with which they were acquainted, where beer, wines, and spirits were freely supplied, the amount of money spent upon intoxicating liquor was infinitesimal. In this connection we are glad to notice that an effort is being made to establish a junior reform club in Manchester, of which the organisation has been undertaken by Mr. R. D. Rusden. A well-conducted club, with large and well-lighted rooms, founded on a popular basis, and readily accessible, would be a great boon to hundreds of young fellows engaged in business in Manchester, who, being possessed of social and political instincts, have at present no alternative between the public-house and the Young Men's Christian Association, where neither of these institutions exactly meets their wants.

ROWDY CHURCH DEFENCE.

DOES any one believe that a useful purpose can be served by such demonstrations as that which was made at Newton Heath on Monday night? We suppose some one must, or these organised disturbances would never have come into being. The sooner the promoters of them discover their error the better it will be for all parties, and in the end probably of their tools in the work, for there is a limit to human forbearance, and it would not surprise us if some day the hired rowdies, who in the last year or two have so ridiculously parodied our boasted freedom of speech, should meet with some more severe punishment than that of being ungently ejected from a public building. Nay, we fully expect some serious assault presently; the only wonder is that it has not come long ago. That this question of disestablishment will be discussed there is not the slightest doubt. If it can be discussed peaceably, all the better; but it *must* be discussed, and if serious consequences arise in the discussion the fault lies not with the Liberationists, and not so much with the real supporters of the Church, as with the counterfeit friends of the Establishment, who care not a whit for the spiritual prosperity of their sect so long as it remains what it is—a State-subsidised denomination—and whose motive is not the advancement of the cause of religion, but the maintenance at the cost of the very life of the Church, and of the morality of the nation, in so far as it is affected by the Episcopalian Church, of abuses, glaring and innumerable. Most unhappily these agents are at hand, and are not without the means to carry out their disgraceful tactics. Well-meaning and God-fearing men, deluded by their specious pleading, contributing the material means to carry on their malicious work, unwittingly and then in practices, which their patrons, could their eyes be opened to the real facts of the case, would be the first to heartily condemn. No depth is too low for these men to descend to. Their agents are the most reckless and unscrupulous—and in this respect they are like their employers—and ignorant of the population. The greater the rowdy, the more reckless a man is—the more ignorant his condition—all the more he commends himself to his hirers, provided he be physically well-developed, his lungs are sound, and his knuckles horny. No one who saw the miserable wretches who interrupted Mr. M'Dougall's temperate and able address, on Monday night, could doubt that they had been sent there with the express object of doing what they did. Their interruptions were neither pointed nor apt; their comments were simply rude, noisy exclamations, designed to provoke a disturbance, and put an end to the proceedings. Their very appearance, their insult to the lecturer, and the persistent wearing of their hats in the room, their slouching gait, and insulting expressions, and execrating howls, stamped them as plainly as if the words had been branded on their low foreheads as roughs of the most reckless and the lowest order. Their questioning of the lecturer at the close of his address was a most lamentable exhibition of ignorance and impertinence; and it was only the forbearance of Mr. M'Dougall, and his conscientious endeavours to get at their reason and impress some useful knowledge upon them, that restrained the impatience of the audience, and saved the offenders from a second ignominious and violent expulsion. These exhibitions are as scandalous as they are revolting. It is a disgrace to our civilisation that the right of public meeting should be so constantly and persistently outraged, and high time that the instigators of the offence, and the offence itself, were suppressed. Political and religious controversies—or, for the matter of that, any other controversies—were never yet assisted to a conclusion by rowdyism, and the sooner this can be realised by Church defenders—as the promoters of these exhibitions are sarcastically called—the better will it be for themselves and for public morality. All men, who have eyes to see and ears to hear, know well that such conduct injures the cause which these men profess to have so dearly at heart, and that injury is not compensated for by any damage to the cause of the Liberationists. On the contrary, they

are playing into the hands of those whom they regard as their enemies, and precipitating the end which dissent within and dissent without the Establishment are gradually bringing about; but other high interests demand that order and decency shall prevail in our midst.

FIRESIDE COLUMN.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 2).

1. A L L A H
2. R O M E
3. C H A R A C T E R
4. T R I O
5. I C E
6. C R O S S

NOTE.—(3) "But he who filches from me my good name."

ANSWER TO ADDITIONAL ACROSTIC.—Lydia E. Becker. (1) Limb; (2) Yankee; (3) Disc; (4) Ilk; (5) Abuse; (6) Ecclesiastical order.

NOTE FOR THE AUTHOR'S CONSIDERATION.—It is advisable that each key should consist of one word only.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 3).

In my second dwells my first,
Type correct of system curst—
System of intrigue and lies,
Throwing dust in people's eyes.
Telling lies by such is made
Quite a systematic trade;
Still the nations, so they say,
Can't in any other way
Keep themselves in proper trim,
Hence you see the use of him.
And if now you would receive a
Further hint, I'll mention "Neva;"
Also with the same intention,
Gortschakoff I'll lastly mention.

I.
The window pane,
The oceans roar,
A shower of rain—
You need no more.

II.
Let dogs delight
To bark and bite—
The moral here
Is very clear.

III.
Improve the present while you may—
Gone for aye is yesterday.

IV.
Where lovers meet
And donkeys eat.

V.
"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the rose-leaves will cling to it still."

VI.
Protestants are of accord
That the name should be abhorred.

VII.
Here the crescent first arose,
Ere with Cross it came to blows.

VIII.
Et tu brute, Caesar said,
When by treachery he bled.

IX.
"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless the untrodden snow."

X.
Upon the birch
For me now search.

XI.
Seldom found, though often sought—
Anyhow, it can't be bought.

Blac sends ingenious solutions of both last week's acrostics. In double acrostic No. 2, he is correct with the exception of keys 3 and 6, which he renders as copper and Christmas respectively. T. A. is thanked for his contributions. We have only space for one additional acrostic weekly, and we have several in hand.

ADDITIONAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

O'er mirth and jollity I reign,
My music cheers the sighing swain
On wooing bent.
I've been a toper all my life,
With glass, with pipe, but ne'er a wife
In blessing sent.

I.
Blessed with an ancient pedigree,
None so proud, I trow, as he.

II.
A villain of a dye so deep
As makes the very angels weep.

III.
The lover creeps with amorous stealth
To steal a kiss—'tis all her wealth.

IV.
If you're at all on pleasure bent
I'll send you post haste to the continent.

Correct solutions of double acrostic No. 2, from Ivy, Tramp, Always Right, Nogo.

ACKNOWLEDGED, WITH THANKS.—X. Y. Z., Beta, Far-fetched.

N.B.—Communications must in all cases be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, at our office, and should be posted or sent not later than Tuesday night.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

Arctic Coal.—It is the first time we ever heard of the Article and we hope it will be the last.

J. N.—We must decline to comply with the request contained in your letter.

Clubs (S. M.)—Clubs are not trumps on this occasion but your remarks are trumpery.

A Diligent Reader.—You are at least a very poor writer.

Received.—A. J. M., the Furniture Man, the Skating Rink.

COWARD & CO., RENT AND DEBT COLLECTORS.

OFFICE: 23, BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.

Manchester National Society for Women's Suffrage.

THE
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
WILL BE HELD IN THE
MAYOR'S PARLOUR, TOWN HALL, KING STREET,
ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 29, 1876.

The Chair to be taken at Three o'clock by his Worship the Mayor of Manchester.

JACOB BRIGHT, Esq., M.P.; J. P. THOMASSON, Esq.; Dr. JOHN WATTS; Mrs. OLIVER SCATCHARD; Miss BECKER; THOMAS DALE, Esq.; Dr. PANKHURST; Rev. S. A. STEINTHAL; and other Ladies and Gentlemen are expected to take part in the proceedings.

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D Y P S O M A N I A

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VIII.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

Publications.

"REASON AND REVELATION." Being an examination into the nature and contents of Scripture Revelation as compared with other forms of truth. By WM. HORNE, M.A.

HENRY S. KING & CO., London, 1876.

THE BOOK OF THE THANES OF CAWDOR, a series of Historical Papers, selected from the Charter Room at Cawdor Castle, 1236-1742, illustrated with views, facsimiles of seals, charters, etc., and edited by Cosmo Innes. 4to cloth, 52s. 1859. Address, Kennedy McNab, 1, Raining Stairs, Inverness.

A NE ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILIE OF INNES, compiled by Duncan Forbes, of Culoden, 1698, with an Appendix of Charters, from the Charter Chests at Floors, Leuchars and Dunkirk, and notes by Cosmo Innes, with Facsimile Seals, 4to cloth, 30s. 1864. Address—Kennedy McNab, 1, Raining Stairs, Inverness.

A GENEALOGICAL DEDUCTION OF THE FAMILY OF ROSE OF KILVAROCK, written in 1688-89, by Mr. Hew Rose, minister of Nairne, continued by the Rev. Lachlan Shaw, minister of Elgin, in 1753, with illustrative documents from the family charter room, and notes by Cosmo Innes, and illustrated with views, facsimiles etc., 4to. cloth, 30. 1848. The rich collection of family papers in this volume is admirably fitted to illustrate the life of the Scotch country gentleman, for almost as long a period as it can be hoped to find written documents for its illustration. Address, Kennedy McNab, 1, Raining Stairs, Inverness.

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10. How to choose a husband. &c.



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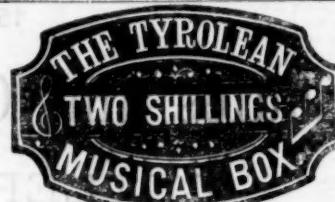
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